#4

Goddamn

NOV 12 94

1st

He lay there on the cold slab of granite
Silently cring
His tears soaked the ground, made
the soil dark fertile
6 feet below his tears dripped a steady
drop topping @ the back of the box
that held his mothers body
He did not care that the stone was cold
that the air was thick and alive
He did not care that his face was a
bloated mucous and saliva covered mess
The only thing he cared about was being
as close to the woman who kept him
safe and without harm for the last
30+ years
This was the last place he had made any type
of physical contact with her
as they lowered her body into the ground
something left him, courage?
something visited him fear?
Noises erupted from deep inside his
bowels — they released
The stench of fresh feces in 98+ degree weather,
accompanied by the grief was deadly
His flies attacked him from the rear
the pallbearers came @ him from the
sides
Her body was nearly stirred from its
cradle before they wrestled him to the ground
Not my Mama! No No No Lord why'd
you take my mama. Give me back my
mama.
The crowd here, assembled to witness the
marriage, Mother to the ground

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Stand speechless, with sympathy in their eyes mouths agape @ the severity of this young mans protest
His outburst have ceased, his sobs grow louder
The family move to comfort their fallen brother, all who haven't given in to grief themselves
Shaking loose of the brood, dirt speckling the back of his pants clinging to the moisture there
Shit runs down his leg as he approaches the rear of the crowd close to where the cars have assembled
I told your so called Dad 10 yrs. ago he could have my mind if he spare my momas life (he DID)
I've been a crazy son-of-a-bitch every since
5 years ago I told him I give him my sons if he'd let my momma live (he DID) Jamal, Nathaniel, and Jr. my 3 boys were all born dead.
So fuck your God, fuck that son of a bitch to HELL
I do turn to look off in the hot Georgia Sun
His eyes look way down the road he sees her as she approaches the procession
Mama he cries, Mama running to meet her
Reaching the road he stops to look back he's sure the family is not far behind
At the very moment he realizes they are not a miracle happens (he faints)
He lay there on a cold slab of granite Silent Cries - Repeat (1st STANZA)